

R

French

Frills

NO. 2

50¢



**The spice,
the magic
...and her**

**the charm,
of France
lovelies...!**



The trim Suzette knows the importance of exercise.





Women, particularly French women, love to take baths. Fifi, pictured here in a stream in Southern France,



is no exception—she claims she takes three or four baths a day, and if she finds herself away from the tub for any length of time she is apt to leap into the nearest body of water, strip off her clothes, and luxuriate in the feel of the cool water against her skin. "Eet is so sexy!" she exclaims. "You should try it sometimes, Monsieur!" Splashing around is so much fun for Fifi that she would die on a

hot desert. "Sometime I am so anxious to become in the water that I forget to remove the clothes first,"

MAID IN THE GLADE



she tells us. "In fact, I often take the shower with all of my clothes still on. You think I am crazy?" No, Fifi, just a little aqua-



batty. The basic difference between our Fifi, a girl from the provinces, and any French girl you might encounter in Paris is slight but significant. Fifi has never been to Paris, yet she still is French to the core, with the Gallic outlook on life and love and all the rest. The only thing lacking is a set of Parisian frills—an oversight, we assure you, which is more than



amply made up for by Fifi herself. Fortunately for Frenchmen and visiting Americans alike, Fifi does not spend all of her time in the water. As for trying Fifi's technique of bathing wherever she finds the opportunity, we'd rather not—unless, of course, it was with Fifi!



FRENCH
FRILLS
FILLE
NO. 2



Adding to our stable of willing wenches, here is FRENCH FRILLS FILLE #2. She may be an Yvonne, Juliette, or even Mimi – call her what you will, mes amis, but (in dreams, anyway) call her frequently!

there's something about a FRENCH GIRL

that the
American
girls don't
have. Maybe
it's in her
blood, or the
climate of
living in La
Belle France
that does it,

but whatever



it is, it makes the Made-
moiselle's moué more
potent than a Kentucky
charmer's kiss. Observe,
Monsieur, the coquette
so delightfully revealed
on these pages. Is she
not enticing? Is her
smile not the sweetest,
the most casually come-
hither arrangement of
the mouth imaginable?



Look as she sits on a
bench overlooking the
Seine; follow her to her
apartment and up the
stairs. Observe her pi-
quant charm of body
and the inviting twinkle
in her eyes as she dis-
robes in the privacy of
her bedroom on her en-



chantingly circular bed.
Watch as she makes a
moué in her bath, with
her lovely lines now
clad only in clinging
bubbles. Enjoy the sight
of her perfection as she
luxuriates in the
tub, letting the hot
soapy water warm
every inch of her to ex-
citing incandescence.
Ah, Monsieur, have you



discovered what it is that makes her so irre-
sistible? Wait, do not go through that doorway
... Monsieur! Come back, Monsieur! Ah, c'est la
vie, et c'est l'amour! Good luck, Monsieur...!

LEFT-BANK LOUETTE
DISCOVERS THE SWANK HOUSE
OF A RIGHT-BANK BANKER

french and Sexy

USED TO GETTING BY
IN A TRENCHCOAT
AND PAIR OF TIGHTS,
LOUETTE NOW SEES
SHE CAN GET MORE
BY WEARING LESS.
NO MORE GARRETS
FOR THIS GIRL,
SHE'S MOVING
UP TO QUALITY.

HOWEVER, SHE
INSISTS HER
HEAD WON'T BE
TURNED BY
THE SWEET
SELL OF
SUCCESS.



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HER BANKER BEAU IS OBVIOUSLY AN EXPERT ON FIGURES. LOULETTE HAS ALREADY
LEARNED ADDITION AND
SUBTRACTION FROM HIM.

Sexy Sexy Sexy Sexy Sexy Sexy Sexy Sexy

HE'S PROMISED TO DELVE MORE DEEPLY
INTO HIGHER MATHEMATICS,
BUT SHE'LL BE SATISFIED
WITH COUNTING FRANCS.



HAVING REALIZED THAT
THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE
DON'T HAVE TO BE FREE,
LOULETTE PONDERES THE
DILEMMA OF HER NEW
POSITION: SHE NOW HAS
LOVELY FROCKS, BUT
NEVER HAD THE CHANCE
TO WEAR THEM... HER
BANKER'S ALWAYS BUSY
COMPOUNDING INTEREST.

**FABULOUS
FRENCH
FILLE:**

Milène
Demongeot

For those among us who have trouble handling the names of frames we handle with ease, pronunciation follows: My-lain De-mon-joe. This heavenly body is currently blazing across the screen like a meteor in slow motion in *The Singer Not The Song*. Meaning no offence to My-Lain: we might take her for a singer, but we'd rather take her for a song.



French critics agree that Milène is the cutest and curviest contender for Brigitte Bardo's crown of baby-faced sensuality.